

A DEMONSTRATED FACT
The Line by Line and Column by Column Comparison Published Yesterday Afternoon Proves that
THE EVENING WORLD
CONTAINS MORE CABLE, MORE TELEGRAPH AND MORE LIVE LOCAL NEWS
Than Any Other One-Cent Evening Paper.

PRICE ONE CENT.



JUDGE MURRAY

He Defeats the Crack Los Angeles and Raceland.

Egmont Gains Another Victory by Defeating Bessie June.

Laredo, King Idle, Madstone and King Crab Also Win.

(SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.)
GRAVEYARD RACE TRACK, AUG. 31.—A great throng flocked to the last day's racing of the Brooklyn Jockey Club short meeting. The weather was autumn-like.

Mr. David Johnson says it is doubtful if the present bookmakers—these who have stands at this meeting—will do business at Sheephead Bay. The offer to the Brooklyn Jockey Club, Mr. Johnson says, was \$100 per day each from the penholders if no place mutuels stand were permitted, or \$200 if they were.

Sheephead people will be in bookmakers at \$20 per day each and have place mutuels. The bookmakers who are at work here made the offer for all tracks, and while the \$100 is a mere bagatelle, they could not, in justice to the Brooklyn Jockey Club, accept the Coney Island Jockey Club's offer. It is likely they will be book betting at Sheephead Bay, but by a different lot of layers of the odds.

Photographer Marx took pleasure, before the racing began, in showing THE EVENING WORLD man the instantaneous machine he is endeavoring to make a race-track fixture. If he is given a proper opportunity, unhampered by night-sighted or spiritual obscurity, there is no question the camera will become a great aid to jockey clubs.

The instantaneous picture-taking apparatus is not worked, as most people think, as a stop-watch is, by pressing a spring, but by the release of a flash bolt just as the horses' noses are on the line. The operator has his camera so arranged that he can point it up the track towards the horses as they come to the line. The movement of the machine presses a spring as it comes to right angles with the horses as they come on the line, the flash bolt snaps, there is an exposure of the wonderful delicate plate for a thousandth part of a second, and six minutes later, the negative is developed.

To take the picture perfectly a small addition should be built on the front of the jockey's stand, as the use of the points at present somewhat interferes with the sighting of the horses. In the home stretch, Lucky Lad's Laredo, the second choice with 3 and 4 to 1 against him, won the first race, with the favorite, Salubrious, three to one.

King Idle, 5 to 1, won the second race, with the favorite, Laredo, 3 to 1. The movement of the machine presses a spring as it comes to right angles with the horses as they come on the line, the flash bolt snaps, there is an exposure of the wonderful delicate plate for a thousandth part of a second, and six minutes later, the negative is developed.

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FOUGHT FOR A GIRL.

Matt Quinlan and the Marine Have a Scrap in the Bowery.

They Keep It Up Even in the Police Station.

Quinlan Was Ahead, but the Girl Declines She Loves La Blanche.

The usual monotony of the upper part of the Bowery was somewhat disturbed between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning by a fight between a real fighter and a real backer of fighters.

George La Blanche, "the Marine," was one of the pugilists and Matthew Quinlan, a well-known sport, was the other, and, as in the majority of cases of the kind, the unpleasantness grew out of a rivalry for the affections of a fair but blasé cynic.

The Marine and Quinlan had been inebriated immediately all day, and their potations began to take effect about midnight, when, with a party of jovial friends, they were celebrating La Blanche's recent victory in Johnny Opp's cosmopolitan establishment on the Bowery.

The Marine, it appears, has for some time been enamored of a young woman who enjoys the rather unpopulous sobriquet of "Kitty the Speeler."

Kitty is not a bad-looking person, but her reputation is decidedly unavowed. She seems to have a weakness in the direction of exponents of the manly art, and when La Blanche declared his affection for her, her cup of happiness overflowed.

But then came the villain, in the person of Quinlan, a robust, powerful-looking fellow, who endeavored to alienate the affections of Kitty from the Marine, her avowed protector.

At first the maiden turned a deaf ear to his protestations of love, but by persistent efforts Quinlan succeeded in forcing her to declare that she did care for him. "Just a little," she said.

With this encouragement Quinlan pressed his suit with renewed vigor and La Blanche, in a self-satisfied way, looked on and smiled. But he had too much confidence in his own charms, for before he really realized his position Quinlan became a great favorite with the fascinating Kitty.

In many ways she showed a growing dislike for the fighter, on whom the truth finally dawned that he was "cut out."

Quinlan was in high feather at his success, and told his friends that he should defend Catherine with his heart's blood if necessary. La Blanche heard of these declarations, but did not apparently heed them. He met his successful rival often, and chatted pleasantly about ring matters, but not until this morning was the subject of Kitty touched upon.

Quinlan announced his intention of "doing up the Marine" if he interfered with him, and concluded that he was the better man anyway.

At the party had drunk several dozen times in Opp's place last night, La Blanche became very abusive and threatened to wipe the sawdust from the floor with Quinlan's body.

The latter questioned his ability to accomplish the feat, and the next moment the men were at it.

They were almost immediately separated, however, and the whole party went to the hotel. Hostilities were resumed, Quinlan had decided the best of the fight when the appearance of Officer Hoek, of the East River station, put most of the party to flight.

The disputants, however, were not to be so easily scared, and continued hostilities in the hotel, where the Marine, who is a business-like manner, arrested both men.

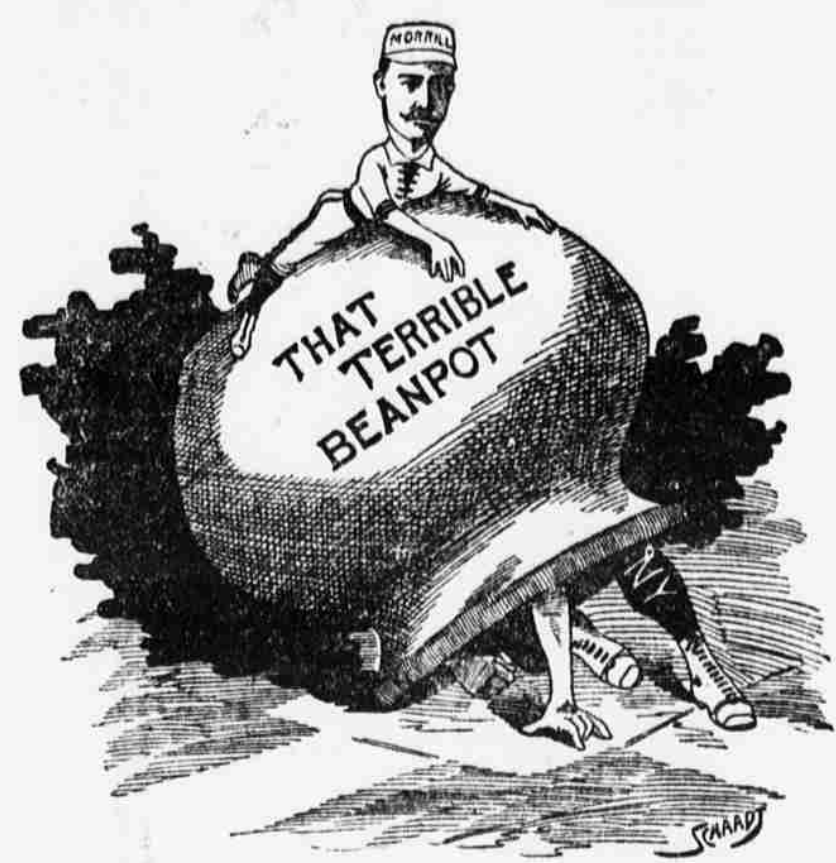
At the station-house there was a renewal of the fight.

Weising endeavored to quiet the rumors, but failed, and for a few moments the place looked like a prize-ring.

It required the combined efforts of four policemen, the doorman and several citizens to separate the men.

THE GIANTS' LIGHT UNDER A BEANPOT.

But Our Boys Succeeded To-Day in Partly Escaping From Under That Boston Utensil.



JOHN L. WILL FIGHT.

His Manager, Jim McEwan, Says He Is Spelling to Meet Kilrain.

"Jim" McEwan, John L. Sullivan's trainer, arrived in town to-day with John B. Doris, the showman, who was until quite recently a partner with the "Boston Boy" in a circus.

To an EVENING WORLD reporter Mr. McEwan said this afternoon regarding Sullivan and his plans.

"John L. told me only yesterday that he meant to show his friends that he could regain his old position. He hasn't drunk a drop since he was arrested, and says \$10,000 wouldn't tempt him to touch a glass of liquor."

In many ways John L. is a big bluff and isn't a bit better than he was a year ago. Sullivan is anxious to fight him and for his own money, John L. is not.

"I'm sick and tired of this fellow's talk, and I mean business as he will soon learn. I will arrange a fight with him for \$10,000, and intend to put up my own money on that fight. I will know the man in the ring."

"Now, I know Sullivan as well as any one, and I tell you candidly, that he means what he says. Since he has heard Sullivan's boast he has been making arrangements for a fight, and will in a few days either accept Kilrain's challenge or issue a challenge of his own."

"Though I am his trainer, I speak the truth when I say that Sullivan is in an adequate description of how he appears. His dispositions were in every instance grossly exaggerated, and instead of being the broken down, half-witted fellow he is in every respect, barring the slight injuries on his hand, as good as ever he was."

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